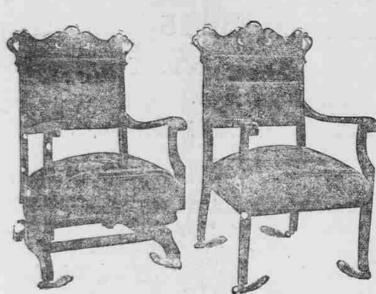
RPEI COMPANY.

18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 EAST THIRD SOUTH STREET.



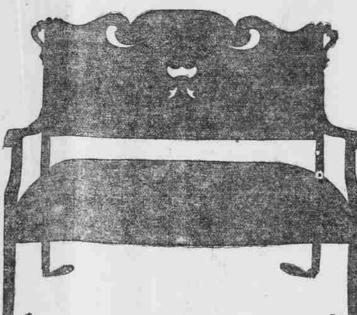
Are you going to buy any Christmas Presents? If you are do not forget a niece piece of furniture is the nicest thing you could buy, as it is something that is always before the receiver to remind them of the giver.

Our stock is larger now than ever in anticipation of the Holiday Trade. We have everything that is needed in a home from cellar to

of whom understood the French au-guage. Several Cardinals were present on this occasion, but they had entered the church disguised. Bishops and monsignori, arrayed in purple and silk, abbates in sombre costumes, all the students of the Propoganda university,

in black robes, with pale blue facings, and pipings and crimson sashes. Monsobre was equal to the occasion. For a moment criticism was staggered. The

GRANDMA'S STORY.



If you live out of the city write for our Catalogue and it is yours for the asking. Send for one. It is complete in every detail. We make no charge for packing.

Just received the latest creations in Pictures. Visit our Art room.

We are having this week the Largest Sale of Lace, Silk and Tapestry Curtains ever held in this city.

Five Piece Parlor Suit, Elegantly Finished in Mahogany Frame, Upholstered in Heavy French Velour of Various Colors and designs, was \$45.00,



This Week

but trust of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God. Converse not much with the young or with strangers.

Flatter not 'he rich; neither do thou ppenr willingly before the great. Keep company with the humble and ingle-hearted; with the devout and ous, and confer with them of thos sings that may edify. Be not familiar lih any woman, but commend all omen in general to God. Desire to be miliar with God alone and His Anand avoid the acquaintance of

We must have love towards all, but amiliarity with all is not expedient. Sometimes it falleth out that a perof, from the good report given him by others, whose presence notwithstand-og is not grateful to the eyes of those who see him.

by our society, and we rather displease bem with those bad qualities which they discover in us. CHAPTER IX.

dience, to be under a superior, and not

ventured the opinion that it is to continue for the actor's profession, in-stead of for the priesthood, he would become the best comedian in France. Though he is 66 years old, he is hale and hearty and is as exuberant in soir-

Though he is 66 years old, he is hale and hearty and is an exuberant in soirits as a young man of 25.

I had an interview with Pather Monsabre in the advent of 187 in the presbytery of the Notre Dame cathedral.
He has occupied the pulpit of that
temple during the lents and advents of
seventeen years. "During that period,"
he said, "I consecrated some six months
of the year to a careful preparation of
the semons which I preach in Notre
Dame during the lent and advent.
These ten annual sermons, the delivery
of which would cover one hour and a
half, were written in the calm seclusion
of my cell in a Dominican monastery
on the coast of Brittany. After my
Easter day sermon, delivered before the
Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, I leave
this city. I take a few weeks holiday
in the Rigi mountains or on the banks
of Lake Como. There I haveriate, banish thought, as I would a demon, and
a tually revel in complete rest of mind
and body. This stage of recuperation
over, I hasten to the monastery of my
order and shut myself in my cell till
supposed of advent. The first few
booths are devoted to mapping out the
subjects of my sermons, lotting down
various ideas on revealed truths, and
compliance notes for these I select. I

(Continued.)
CHAPTER VIII.
That too much familiarity should be hunned.
Let not thy heart open to every one. willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God. Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. Many the government of a superior. Many have deceived themselves, imagining to find happiness in change. True it is, that every one willingly doeth that which agreeth with his own liking, and inclineth most to those that are of his

own mind.

But if God be amongst us, we must sometimes cease for the sake of peace to adhere to our own opinion. Who is so wise that he can fully know all

amiliarity with all is not expedient.

Sometimes it faileth out that a person unknown to us is much estermed if from the good report given him by thers, whose presence notwithstanding is not grateful to the eyes of those thins. We think sometimes to please others your society, and we rather displease them with those bad qualities which hey discover in us.

Of Obselience and Subjection.

tom, and who preached in the court chapel before Louis XVI, and his courtiers; Hourdalone, a preacher of eminent merit; Massilon, the Juvenal of his age, the vices of which he de-

his age, the vices of which he de-nounced in scathing and contemptuous terms; Lacordaire, the famous scholar, and Pere Felix; Mgr. Darboy appointed

and Pere Feltx. Mgr. Darboy appointed Pere Monsabre to the vacant chair after Pere Hyacinth's apostacy. The Dominican monk declined the appointment, on the plea that he was unworthy to preach from a chair which Bossiet, Bourdalone and Massilon had occupied. Mgr. Darboy refused to accept the plea, and instructed the preacher to prepure his sermons for the forthcoming advent. On the first Sunday of that holy season, after the gospel of the day had been suig, the white-robed, black-caped monk walked out of the sacristy, genuficated before the high altar, received the blessing of Archbiehop Darboy, and ascended the winding stalrease of the pulpit with a firm step.

winding staircase of the pulpit with a winding staircase of the pulpit with a firm step.

His fame as a preacher induced all the distinguished men of Paris to attend High Mass in Notre Dame Cathedral on that Sunday. Scattered through the congregation were the famous artors, Delaunay, the Brothers Coquelin and their colleagues of the Tarstre Francuis; Alexander Dumas and Victorien Sardou; Francois Coppee and Isan Rienephn. De Lesseps, then the idol of the people of Paris; Renan, Juies Ferry, the free thinker; most of the French academicians; a large number of scrattors and deputies; the supreme court judges; and all the dukes, earls, marquiser and barons of the Fau. bourg St. Germain. The preacher's subject was "The Revealed Truths of Religion," While he spoke within easy

(To be continued.)

Pere Monsabre.

Written for The Intermountain Catholic)

Pere Monsabre, the distinguished Dominican preacher, is short of stature and rather portly of figure; but the mobile face and his perfect gestures more than compensate him for thise diffects. He has at times in social life a laughing eye, and there lurks a smile in the corner of his mouth. The Paris Figure, while admitting that he was the most illustrious preacher of our era, ventured the opinion that if he had a vocation for the actor's profession, in-

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic) ; atorical talents were appreciated in a

My letter won't be very long. I have a very pretty kitty. I have a brother and sister. I go to choir practice every Saturday. I love to go to school.

Baby likes the kittle is very gentle. I like to read the little letters. I like to read the little letters in the paper.

Baby can not play very good. She is very spunkle.

Good Bv.

Yours truly,

BESSIE VAN PELT.

past month lived in Bingham three years.

I have just started to go to Sunday School and Choir practice, which I think I will like very much after I become acquainted. I have a brother fifteen years old. He went to the All Holaws College. He is very fond of football playing. We are having delightful weather now which I hope will last untill Xmas. I will say good bye now and write you more next time. I hope you will spend a happy Thanksgiving. Your loving niece.

Sa her relationship to Jessica gave her.

T've had a letter from my girlie."

Sand the mother, her thin cheek flushing and her eyes shining, as I breathlessly sank into her Boston rocker a little wearied, being stouter than I used to be, with my pull upward over the rocks, to her blue-painted porch. "She writes as often as she can, but she can't write often; it's not to be expected," the mother went on, forestailing any blame for Jessica. "That music study is wearying work, and Jessica never was one to be contented." speaker's eloquence paralyzed any vain efforts to define his faults. With a logic

Sieep little baby of mine.
Night and the darkness are near.
But Jesus looks down through the
shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear;
Shut little speepy blue eyes;
Dear little head, be at rest;
Jesus, like you, was a buby once, too,
And siept on his own mother's breast.

ed. The Catholic newspapers of that city, the Univers, edited by Louis Veuillot, and the Monde, compilmented the monk on his superb eloquence. In ecciesiastical circles he became a favorite, ewing to their admiration of his sound theology, his marvelous logic and circuence.

The chair of Notre Dame has throughout past centuries been occupied by the several great masters of eloquence—Bossuet, who was gifted with the magic oratory of St. John Chrysostom, and who preached in the court would go to sleep by himself. He was not cross and did not cry if I left him in the house by himself." Ignatius turned red, for that was the reason of his temper that morning; there was no one in the house when he woke up.

For a long while his one bottle of milk would be enough until dinner time, but one day I came back and found the milk all gone and Ignatus very hungry. He could say a few words, and he kept on begging, 'bottly,' 'milk,' until I gave him some more. The little fellow drank it as if he were almost graved.

fellow drank it as if he were almost starved.

"I did not understand it, but your grandpa just laughed, and thought it showed that baby was growing; yet I did not feel quite satisfied when the same thing happened the next day. I asked a lady who had ever so many children whether two bottles of milk would hurt the baby. She thought something must be wrong with Ignatius, and I had a good cry over him that night, but he was so cute and rosy and plump and good that I could not believe he was much sick, and just kept on giving him two bottles for a week.

Nov. 26, 1899, Sait Lake City.

Dear Aunt Busy:
As this is my first letter to you I will make it very short. I have a pet bird, but it will not sit on my finger, and I have a cat and a dog. The dog is black and white. Its' hair is curly, and the cat is a black and white act too. But none of my pets can do a trick.
I have to take care of the baby now and will close my letter.
From your affectionate neice, ORA MDERMOTT.

Sait Lake City, Nov. 27, 1899.
Dear Aunt Busy:
I thought I would write you a little

and prince's feathers and day lilles and nasturtiums as lifted their sweet faces there. The small house was quite by itself: Jessica's mother had no near

neighbors. She gave me her hand in welcome, with a cordial smile, as I came to her side.

I speak of her as the villagers and inn people did, for although her name was Mrs. Mucdonald, she was always was Mrs. Macdonald, she was always alluded to as the mother of her daughter. Five years had passed since Jessica Macdonald had been seen in that Massachusetts hamlet, but the countryside was still proud of her, and it was somehow felt to be a great thing for the little old lady on the Point to have such a connection with the world as her relationship to Jessica gave her. "I've had a letter from my riplie."

Jessica never was one to be contented with half learning a thing. She's always been bound to know it all. Ever since she was a baby, nothing common would do for my Jessica. There's her parlor organ now; if you could only time, said Madame Emailine, that a parlor organ now; if you could only time, said Madame Emailine, that a proposed of the common and the counterful sincer had come from a parlor organ now: if you could only hear her play on it of a Sunday night and sing Jerusalem, the Golden, 'you'd think yourself in heaven for sure!"

think yourself in heaven for sure!

The tiny parlor was spotlessly clean, Jessica away almost before I knew and from the porch I had a good view what was happening, and I settled of it, with the organ standing just in down to the short days and the long nights all alone." of it, with the organ standing just in front of the mantel shelf, on which were queer shells, a Chinese idol or two, and vases filled with dried grasses, with crystals of alum in blue and green clinging forlornly to their feathery ends. A bright, brailed rug lay before the organ. Over the mantel, in a gilt and black frame, hung the picture of a young girl. Her dark eyes, loose golden hair and earnest face reminded me of a print called "The Future," which somebody once gave me for my birthday.

down to the short days and the long nights all alone."

"Wasn't it hard for your daughter to say, but did not dare, facing the mother's eyes, "Wasn't it selfish?"

"Certainly it was hard. Lots of things are hard. But the hardest part was raising the money for her passage and her outfit. Madame wanted to pay it all, but we couldn't be beholden to a stranger. Once Jessica was over there, she could do enough for madame to pay

so the control state of this.

If I were you.

Of If I change to say.

That your product of the consequence of the could be companied to the could b

too, for the inn people in summer, and that's how Madame Emaline came to get acquainted with her."
The dear old lady paused, then added;
"Madame Emaline, as I suppose you

"Madame Emaline, as I suppose you know, was an artist."

I cannot repeat, for you who read, the sort of awed expression this out-of-the-world woman put into the word artist. It meant something very mysterious and grand to her; It represented power; It had been a spell strong enough to change the whole current of her life and whirl her daughter away from her side half over the globe. Whenever she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed down the long railroad track and far, far over the blue, sounding waves, and yearned for Jessica and sliently called for her, and sternly shut her heartache into the background lest somebody should suspect her of

shut her hertache into the background lest somebody should suspect her of shaving one, that word "artist" was behind it all. For Jessica was an artist, too! To be an artist and have a carrier! But before all that was thought of she had known how to use her needle.

"Jessica Macdonald can be trusted to repair your laces," said the innkeeper's wife to the French lady, and so one morning she showed madame the way up here. A bright summer morning it was, I remember, with the waves creaming yellow and soft out there on the shingle, and the roses laughing at you as if they were giad to bloom, and the skies so blue, oh, so blue and bright! Our work was rather scant then, and we didn't have to confine ourselves, and Jessica was at the organ, now and then calls me bac

child began to sing 'Annie Laurie.'

"Maxwelton's braes are bonny, —you know the sweetness of it, don't you?"

I nodded. I saw it all; the summer sky and the sea and the garden; the mother pottering about among her flowers, and the great lady panting up the narrow, crumbling footpath to the cottage on the rocky shelf, and the country girl singing "Annie Laurie,"

"Madame never rested from that hour," went on Jessica's mother, half vexed, half triumphant: "never rested. wonderful singer had come from a small farmhouse in the woods. She talked and she planned, and she carried Jessica away almost before I knew what was happening, and I settled

selves, and Jessica was at the organ, practicing and picking out bits of new tunes and singing away to herself, and just as Madame Emaline got here the child began to sing 'Annie Laurie.'

"'Maxwelton's braes are bonny,'—you edge taht my old friend was not, as

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Slink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, oh! I know not.
What jow await us there,
What radiance of glery.
What alber beyond compare!

The sweet strain died away. On the still air I heard the mother's dones

"Why, Jessica, I don't know what they meant by saying you couldn't sing. You sing better than you ever did in

"Dear mother," answered a voice I had never heard, "I'm glad I can sing for you, and perhaps they'll let me sing

Tis a dear old fashioned place, And the roses love fit And the roses love fit.

Biosoms spilled with lavish grace Round it and above ft.

Yearly weave a fulry spell Round the spot so charming. Up where Jack and Making dwell, Making love and farming.

Nearby runs the road to town; Trouble tekes it straightway; Never thinks of turning down. Toward their leafy gateway. Joys from elsewhete made to roam By drill melancooly Stop and make themselves at home There with Jack and Mollie.

Mollie stops her work to laugh,
Jack stops his to listen;
Sunbeams are not bright by half
As her eyes that sitten.
If a fond inought whisters low,
Loving line will drop it;
They are old enough to know
Better than to stop it.

R is sweet when life seems cold And the world is knowy. Such a picture to behold.

Though in day drams only.
Laughing at the care that kills.
Safe from folly's narming.
Jack and Mollis mid the nilis.
Making love and farming.

—Washington State

The naccessed valuation of property in South Carolina has increased 22,27400 over ast year.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Aunt Busy:
I thought I would write you a little letter.

BESSIE VAN PELT. Salt Lake City, Nov. 26, 1899. Dear Aunt Busy:

St. Pietro; the Grecian students draped in black costumes with red sushes; velvet robed and scarlet sashed students of the Collegio Scozzsse (Scotch); the students of the Irish and English colleges arrayed in black cassocks, and the alumni of the American college garbed in black robes with ania blue facings.

CENEVIEVE BROOKS.

tured upon the words of the orator of Notre-Dame, and the preacher of Paris graciously entwined in the capital of Christendom a new wreath of glory for the brethren of the Saintly Thomas, and the gentle Lacordaire.

Cardinal Parocchi, the vicar of Leo XIII, pronounced Pere Monsabre "a profound theologian, and the most eloquent of orators." An English Bishop uselared him to be "a model on rhetoric and a master in theology;" while an American prelaie said that "the monk's methods were to popularize religion, and his merits lay in adapting minds to revealed truths."

EUGENE DAVIS.

Sleep little baby of mine.
Soft on your pillow so white.
Jesus is here to watch over you. dear,
And nothing can harm you tonight;
O, little darling of mine.
What can you know of the bliss.
The comfort I keep, awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this.

OHARACTER.

OHARAC